A

POEM in Praiſe of TEA.

LAſt Night my Hours on Friendſhip I beſtow'd,
And Wine and Mirth a while profuſely flow'd.
Soon as ſome Beauty's Health had walk'd the Round,
Another's Health ſucceeding Glaſſes crown'd.
But while theſe arts to raiſe our Joys we uſe,
Our Mirth, our Friends, and ev'n our ſelves we loſe.
'Tis vain in Wine to ſeek a ſolid joy,
All fierce Enjoyments ſoon themſelves deſtroy.
Wine fires the Fancy to a dangerous height,
With ſmoaky Flame, and with a cloudy Light.
From its Exceſs ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf grows mad;
For an Exceſs of Good it ſelf is bad.
All Reaſon's in a Storm, no Light, nor Skies,
But the Red Ocean rowls before our Eyes.
Unhappy ſtate! the Chaos of the Brain,
The Soul's Eclipſe, and Exile of the Man.

From boiſterous Wine I fled to gentle Tea;
For, Calms compoſe us after Storms at Sea.
In vain wou'd Coffee boaſt an [illegible]
The Cryſtal Stream tranſ[illegible]
Tea ev'n the Ills from [illegible]
Diſclaims its Vices, [illegible]

To bleſs me with the Juice two Foes conſpire,
The cleareſt Water with the pureſt Fire.
Wine's Eſſence in a Lamp to Fewel turns,
Exhales its Soul, and for a Rival burns.
The Leaf is mov'd, and the diffuſive Good,
Thus urg'd, reſigns its Spirits in the Flood.
In curious Cups the liquid Bleſſing flows,
Cups fit alone the *Nectar* to encloſe.
An Age in Earth refining they remain,
But to deſerve that Treaſure to contain.
Diſſembled Groves and Nymphs by Tables plac'd
Adorn the Cups, and tempt the Sight and Taſte.
Yet more the gay, the lovely Colour courts,
The Flavour charms us, but the Taſte tranſports.
I drink, and lo the kindly Steams ariſe,
Wine's Vapour flags, and ſoon ſubmits and dyes.
The friendly Spirits brighten mine again,
Repel the Brute, and re-inthrone the Man.
The riſing Charmer with a pleaſing Ray
Dawns on the Mind, and introduces Day.
So its bright Parent with prevailing Light,
Recalls Diſtinction, and diſplaces Night.
At other times the wakeful Leaf diſdains
To leave the Mind entranc'd in drowzy Chains.
But now with all the Night's Fatigue oppreſt,
'Tis reconcil'd to Sleep, and yeilds me up to Reſt.
Hail, Drink of Life! how juſtly ſhou'd our Lyres
Reſound the Praiſes which thy Pow'r inſpires!

Bleſt Juice, aſſiſt, while I the Viſion draw
Which then in Sleep with inward Eyes I ſaw!
Thy Charms alone can equal thoughts infuſe:
Be thou my Theme, my Nectar, and my Muſe.
I ſaw the Gods and Goddeſſes above,
Profuſely feaſting with Imperial *Jove*.
The Banquet done, ſwift round the Nectar flew,
All Heav'n was warm'd, and *Bacchus* boiſtrous grew.
Fair *Hebe* then the grateful Tea prepares,
Which to the feaſting Goddeſſes ſhe bears.
The Heav'nly Gueſts advance with eager haſte;
They gaze, they ſmell, they drink, and bleſs the taſte.
Refreſh'd and Charm'd, while thus employ'd, they ſit,
More bright their Looks, and more Divine their Wit.
At large each Goddeſs pleaſing Cenſures flung.
For, ev'n above, the Sex will, right or wrong,
Enjoy their dear Prerogative of Tongue.
The drunken God, long courted, taſtes at length:
Then ſwears the Liquor's damn'd for want of ſtrength.
How low, cry'd he, in quaffing are we ſunk!
Will ſtuff like this make Gods or Mortals drunk?
'Twixt this and Wine how mighty are the odds!
Wine makes us drunk, and ſomething more than Gods.
Rais'd with that Nectar o're the Skies I move,
And only to be drunk is to be *Jove*.
Now raving *Bacchus*, reeling to his Place,
Crowns his Aſſertion with an ample Glaſs,
And *Hebe* then replys with modeſt Grace.

Im-

Immortal Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth and Sea,
Permit Youth's Goddeſs to defend her Tea.
What Food, what Drink a taſte deprav'd can pleaſe,
Averſe to Cure, and fond of its Diſeaſe!
The pureſt Air groſs Mortals ne're befriends,
And Heav'n itſelf cannot be Heav'n to Fiends.
Thus charming Tea perhaps inſipid ſeems
To Senſe debauch'd by Wine's ſeducing ſteams;
But ſure, where-e're theſe lov'd abuſes fail,
Tea, Temperance and Reaſon will prevail.
Wine proves moſt fatal when it moſt invites,
Tea moſt is healthful when it moſt delights.
Wine conquers Man with its pernicious fumes,
Tea conquers Wine, tho Wine the Man or'ecomes.
Wine but inflames the Brain it wou'd inſpire,
Tea gives the Light, and yet excludes the Fire.
Relieve me, God of Phyſic, and of Lays,
And reach a Theme ſuperiour to my Praiſe.
Here *Hebe* ceas'd: The Thund'rer with a Nod,
Beſpeaks th' Aſſent of the Melodious God.
Tell, Muſe, for ſure no Mortal can rehearſe
The hallow'd Utt'rance of the God of Verſe;
Tell how of Tea the great Phyſician ſung!
Words like his Theme flow'd ſweetly from his tongue.
All Heav'n was charm'd, to Sacred Silence bound,
Silence that beſt cou'd praiſe ſo bleſt a ſound.
At once the God two Attributes reveal'd,
His Senſe enlighten'd, and his Numbers heal'd.

His

His Song begun with Nature's Womb and Night,
With Atoms Primitive, and Harmony and Light,
The Infant World, and that *Promethean* Mould,
Terreſtrial Man with living Fire inſoul'd.
He ſung of Rage, by ſtronger Verſe diſarm'd,
And vicious Fear to vertuous Courage warm'd;
Of Arts deviſ'd, of Ignorance remov'd,
And manly Souls with Godlike Thought improv'd.
His Vot'ries skill'd in healing Plants he prais'd,
And Tea, whoſe Fame ſhou'd o're all Plants be rais'd.
None, ſays the God, ſhall with that Tree compare;
Health, Vigour, Pleaſure bloom for ever there;
Senſe for the Learn'd, and Beauty for the Fair:
Tea both imparts; for, while it cheers the Mind,
Her Seat's refreſh'd, and ev'ry Charm refin'd.
The Eyes, the Judgment with authentic Light
Receive their Objects, and diſtinguiſh right.
Bright are the Sallies of the riſing Thought,
Sublime the Flights, yet regularly Wrought.
Hence then, ye Plants, that challeng'd once our Praiſe,
The Oak, the Vine, the Olive, and the Bays.
No more let Roſes *Flora*'s Brows adorn,
Nor *Ceres* boaſt her golden Ears of Corn.
The Queen of Love her Myrtles ſhall deſpiſe:
Tea claims at once the Beauteous and the Wiſe.
Think of the Roſe, that inoffenſive Sweet,
Of fragrant Gums, the Brain's luxuriant Treat;

Or kinder Odors which in Verdant Fields,
When newly cropt, the graſſy Harveſt yields.
Think ev'ry grateful ſmell diffus'd in one,
And in Imperial Tea find all their Charms out-done.
Tea, Heav'n's Delight, and Nature's trueſt Wealth;
That pleaſing Phyſic, and ſure pledge of health.
The Stateſman Councellor's, the Virgin's Love,
The Muſe's *Nectar*, and the Drink of *Jove*.
The labring God drank Tea that happy morn,
When wiſe *Minerva* of his Brain was born.
Nor gain my Looks new Glories in the Sea;
They ſet in Waves, but riſe more bright from Tea.
Thus rais'd I guide my Steeds and check their force,
Thus thro' the vaſt Expanſe maintain a ſteady courſe.
Oh had the Youth who once aſſum'd the Reins,
Compos'd with Tea, drove o're th' etherial Plains,
Safely the fiery Courſers he had driv'n,
Spight of the Monſters in the Road of Heav'n.
Sedate and dauntleſs *Jove* had ſeen him ride,
And Tea had ſav'd him whom his Fires deſtroy'd.
But man was then deny'd a Gift ſo rare,
Tho Eaſtern Nations now the Nectar ſhare.
Soon as the day in Orient Climes is born,
The wiſe *Chineſe* with Tea ſalute the morn.
And as my Beams, their Vigor to renew,
Sport in the Waves, and drink their morning dew,
So there each riſing Nymph with Tea ſupplies
The intermitted Luſtre of her Eyes.

Serene and lovely as the New born Ray;
Afreſh they dazzle, and augment the Day.
Tea firſt in *China* did all Arts improve,
And, like my Light, ſtill Weſtward thence they move.
Well might all Nations be by thoſe out-done
Who firſt enjoy'd that Nectar and the Sun.
But wou'd you know how Man in Tea is bleſt?
Firſt ſee what inbred Foes the little World infeſt.
See how the Blood fermenting in the Veins,
In various Shapes inflicts a thouſand pains.
What diſmal ſymptoms frown by ſlow Degrees,
And indicate an obſtinate Diſeaſe!
Here languid Motion, there a livid face,
The ſickly Craſis of the Blood betrays.
'Tis Tea muſt ſwell the Stream, repell its Foes,
Till eas'd and free the Vital Purple flows.
The gen'rous Fluid gives in balmy Steams
Strength to the Nerves, and Firmneſs to the Limbs.
No more the Brain is whirl'd with noxious fumes,
No more, a lingring Fire the Man conſumes.
Again the Blood its ſprightly Courſe maintains,
And florid Youth diſtends the turgid Veins.
With Eaſe the Gentle Diuretic ſaves,
And clears, and fills the Channels which it layes.
So when ſome Stream, enfeebled, clogg'd with Mud,
And ſtagnating, wou'd ceaſe to be a Flood,
All droops around; Plants, Shepherds, Earth, and Skies,
In ſickly Looks conſent, and ſympathize;

Till *Jove* the Land, like *Danae*, befriends,
Warm wiſhes riſe, and Heav'n in Show'rs deſcends.
Mud, Gravel, Stones the ſwelling Current drives,
The Spring renews, and ev'ry Swain revives.
Diſtaſte muſt ceaſe, and Appetite ſucceed.
Thus Man from ſcorbutick Infection's freed.

Nor leſs the Drink with weak Digeſtion ſuits,
The Steams concoct what firſt the Flood dilutes;
For Tea the ſtrongeſt Aliments controuls,
Digeſting Thought the nobler Food of Souls.

But ſee Diſeaſe in full Dominion reign,
And lingring Nature drag her tort'ring Chain!
Convuls'd with pain, hark how the wretches groan,
Rack'd by the ſtubborn Gout and rending Stone!
See how the Twin-Tormentors ſoon as felt
Extort Confeſſion from reluctant Guilt.
So old Offenders, ſtruggling on the Rack,
Review their Crimes, yet dread to call 'em back.
With loathing Tongue their ſecret Deeds arraign,
Urg'd by the Vertue of perſuaſive Pain.

What ends theſe Ills, and chears the drooping old,
Like Healing Tea, the only Liquid Gold!
Improv'd by Age, ſee how it Age improves,
And adds new Pleaſure and old Pain removes!
So man, refining at his Youth's Expence,
Grows ripe for Thought, and mellows into Senſe.
There, Chymiſts, there your Grand Elixir ſee,
The *Panacea* you ſhould boaſt is Tea.

There, Sons of Art, your Wiſhes doubled find,
Tea cures at once the Body and the Mind:
Chaſte, yet not cold; and ſprightly, yet not wild;
Tho gentle, ſtrong, and tho compulſive, mild:
Fond Nature's Paradox, that cools and warms,
Cheers without ſleep, and, tho a Med'cine, charms.

Ye Sages, who, with weighty Notions fraught,
Tho doz'd with Study, wou'd perſiſt in Thought,
When the Lamp ſickens, and the Moon-beams faint,
And trembling Sight obeys but with Conſtraint,
You know 'tis Tea whoſe Pow'r new Strength allows,
And drives the Slumbers from your yielding Brows;
Night's conquer'd, and the Weary Stars retire,
Yet ſtill the Mind preſerves her active Fire.

What greater Good from Tea can Mortals reap?
It lengthens Life, while thus it ſhortens Sleep.
In Sleep and Death black Shades the Soul o'reſpread;
To be aſleep, awhile is to be dead.
But the bleſt Leaf extent of Life can give,
And bids Mankind emphatically live.

Appear, my lov'd Oriental Sons, and ſhow
What Health and Eaſe the Plant imparts below.
Your Ev'ning, equal to the Noon of Life,
Beats Love and War, nor dreads the Vig'rous ſtrife.
Death ſeems a ſtranger where Tea reigns and grows,
His chief abode is where the Vintage flows.

Then hear me, Gods; nor muſt I be withſtood,
Since to be Gods is wholly to be good;

To Eaſtern Climes no more the Leaf confine,
But ſave by Tea what wou'd be loſt by Wine.
Long has the Weſtern World confeſs'd Decay,
A willing Slave to Wine and lawleſs ſway;
Long, Drunkard-like, have reeling Nations run,
Tho gorg'd with Ruin, to be more undone.
At laſt, when ripe Deſtruction threaten'd all,
You and *Naſſau* advanc'd, and propt the trembling Ball.
One Bleſſing more, and *Europe*'s Ills muſt ceaſe;
Add Tea and Health to Liberty and Peace.
Tea in the Man makes all the Bleſſings live,
And giving Health the greateſt Good can give.
To ſpread its Pow'r, and Wine's Exceſs ſupply,
Let ev'ry *Britiſh* Fair its Vertues try.
Like them, the Drink is charming, clear and chaſte;
To make 'em love, perſwade 'em but to taſte.
Then all Mankind its wholeſome Sweets will ſhare;
For all are proud to imitate the Fair.
Now *Britiſh* Fleets, revolving with the year,
Journey like Me o're either Hemiſphere.
O're all the Watry World their Monarch reigns,
And *China*'s Shores ſcarce bound his Liquid Plains;
Commerce improv'd, what may not *William* claim,
His Embaſſies preceded by his Fame?
See how the Eaſt its Spicy Treaſures ſends,
Which to all *Europe* gen'rous *Britain* lends,
While Tea promotes what *William* recommends.

In a new Century, it is decreed,
He ſhall reform the Nations which he freed.
So pow'rful Love old Chaos did engage,
Firſt fix'd the World, then gave a Golden Age.
When Diſcord to her Native Hell is hurl'd,
And *William* own'd the Umpire of the World,
What home-bred Jars ſhall He not force to ceaſe
Who awes contending Empires into Peace,
Joyn'd with Example ſtill his Pow'r ſucceeds?
And all conſent to follow when he leads.
No more ſhall Wiſdom's Dictates be withſtood,
But private Gain give way to publick Good.
Much to that old adventrous Band is due,
Who taught the Trade now challeng'd by the New;
Who ag'd in Ills, revive by gainful Care,
And what they loſt by War in Peace repair.
Sure grateful *Britain* owes no leſs to them,
Whoſe Aid ſecur'd ev'n what their Rivals claim;
Whoſe Gold, that Nerve of War and Traffic, paid
For public Eaſe, and their own right to Trade.
The Councels which in War ſuch Wonders wrought,
The juſt Reſult of Wiſe, tho daring Thought,
And then the bold, the only methods gave,
Which ſaving *Britain* cou'd all *Europe* ſave;
That Wiſdom ſure the Foes may reconcile,
And what might ruin, ſhall enrich the Iſle.
Tho frugal Senates, by a timely Doom,
From cloathing *Britain* bar the *Indian* Loom,

Yet

Yet shall its product bear abroad her Cl
And, chang'd for foreign Treasures,
And *Asia* give, while *Europe's* So
Her Spice, her Pearls, her Diamonds, and he
Such Thoughts did the Prophetic God express,
Such Thoughts, but cloath'd in a diviner Dress.
He ceas'd, and all but *Bacchus* strait applaud,
Who, not convinc'd, was yet to Silence aw'd.
Against the Grape immediate Sentence pass,
And He, tho forc'd, drank sober Tea
Immortals, hear, said *Jove*, and
Tea must succeed to Wine, as Peace to War;
Nor by the Grape let Men be
But share in Tea the Nectar of the Gods.

FINIS.